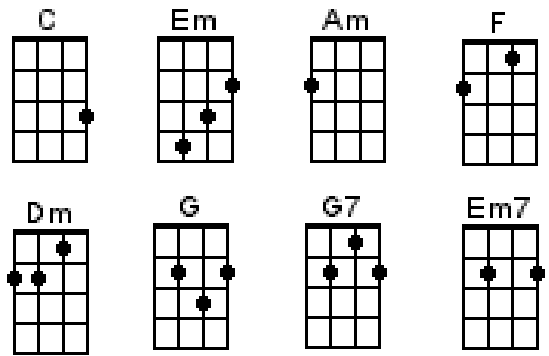


A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

Procol Harum



INTRO:

C Em Am C F Am Dm F G G⁷

Em⁷ G⁷ C F G F C

[C] We [Em] skipped the light fan-[Am]dango[C]
[F] Turned [Am] cartwheels 'cross the [Dm] floor [F]
[G] I was [G⁷] feeling kind of [Em⁷] seasick [G⁷]
[C] But the [Em] crowd called out for [Am] more [C]
[F] The [Am] room was humming [Dm] harder [F]
[G] As the [G⁷] ceiling flew a-[Em⁷]way[G⁷]
[C] When [Em] we called out for a-[Am]nother[C] drink
[F] The [Am] waiter brought a [Dm] tray [G]

CHORUS:

And so it [C] was [Em] that [Am] later [C]
[F] As the [Am] miller told his [Dm] tale [F]
[G] That her [G⁷] face at first just [Em⁷] ghostly [G⁷]
Turned a [C] whiter [F] shade of [C] pale [G⁷]

[C] She [Em] said there is no [Am] reason [C]
[F] And the [Am] truth is plain to [Dm] see [F]
[G] But I [G⁷] wandered through my [Em⁷] playing cards [G⁷]
[C] And [Em] would not let her [Am] be [C]
[F] One of [Am] sixteen vestal [Dm] virgins [F]
[G] Who were [G⁷] leaving for the [Em⁷] coast [G⁷]
[C] And al[Em]though my eyes were [Am] open [C]
[F] They might [Am] just as well been [Dm] closed [G]

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS